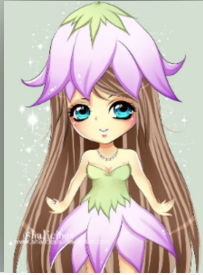




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Crocus



👁 35 ✓ 9 ★ 7

Chapter 1 by Ashley

Crocus was the youngest in the family. She is 4 years old. Her favorite flower is the cocus. She usually wears purple and green.

Chapter 2 by Ashley



Her favorite thing to do was picking up flowers. She liked dancing. Crocus wanted to become like her mom when she was older. She wanted to be a queen.

Chapter 3 by Ashley



Crocus was the prettiest girl at Garden Fairy Elementary School. Or Known as GFES. She had 19 best friends and 47 friends. She knew she was the best.

Chapter 4 by Wikedywik



One day, she grew up. It seemed to happen overnight, contrary to usual belief. It was pretty

weird, she had to admit, though in a lower voice, not her usual high pitched squeaky one.

See more of Story Wars

She looked down at her body. She looked into the huge mirror on her wall, and gasped. Her hair was long and dark, her eyes twinkling with mischief, and her hair was now a dark brown. She had grown up and also grown gorgeous.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Chapter 5 by Laura Frost

Language of Flowers: Crocus, youthfulness, glee

when she rushed out of her room to show her family that she was grown now, like Windflower and Rose. She was so exited! They would be to, certainly.

But they were not.

Her mother screamed. Her father clasped a hand to his chest. "Crocus... what has happened to you?"

"Why, I've grown up! Isn't it wonderful?"

Tulip grabbed parts of her skirts into her trembling hands and stared, vacant eyed as always. Ghost-flower began to softly cry. Rose, leaning into a doorway, met eyes with Goldenrod and they silently vowed to hurt whoever had done this to her sister. Blossom and Azalea embraced each other, shaking. Blue Bell began to play her bells, the clinking sound echoing throughout the room. Cowslip hugged her sister and then backed away, turning to slap a wall. Wild Rose let her hands turn to fists.

Crocus looked around the room. "But I've grown up. Aren't you happy for me?"

"Oh my daughter, my daughter, don't you understand?" Crocus looked into the eyes of her mother. "Someone has stolen your youth."

Chapter 6 by SaintSayaka

Crocus did not understand. She might have had the body of a woman, but she still had the mind of the child. She tilted her head, letting a cascade of hair run over her shoulders. Somehow, in her head, losing her youth didn't seem to be too terrible a fate. As her siblings bickered about what was to be done and her mother sobbed into her shoulder, she thought about herself.

Whoever had stolen her youth could keep it. Yes, she quite enjoyed this body, which seemed like more of a blessing than curse.

See more of Story Wars

Twisting her legs, she realized she would very much enjoy...

Login

or

Create new account

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(3e2231b1ad3ca8da8658228c00dd08e0_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(96a82dd1250f57fd139c5f3b80c9d977_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(3fd2f8db37e12aa5bbcaf4dfbd320f6c_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account